The Centre Reporter.

OLD SERIES,, XL.
NEW SERIES XXI.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY. MAY 3, 1888.

NO. 18

HENRY G. DAVIS.

The Richest and the Busiest Man in West Virginia.

Every little while there flits into Washington and out again a trim Yankee-looking man always dressed in homespun and wearing his hair combed forward over his ears in an old-fashioned way. It is Henry C. Davis, the richest and busiest man in West Virginia, and formerly United States Senator from that State. Although Mr. Davis has long since given up all desire of getting back into politics on his own account, he is an enthusiastic and energetic worker for the party. Like his son-in-law, Stephen B. Elkins, he can't let go. He began life as a brakeman on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. That was twenty-nine years ago. He is now easily worth $29,000,000. A million a year is a pretty good salary for a brakeman. Most of Mr. Davis' wealth has been made in his own State in lumbering. He, James G. Blaine, ex-Secretary Windom, Mr. Elkins and John Hambleton, of Baltimore, are associated as a syndicate in developing a large tract of mining and timber country in the Kanawha region. This business takes all of Mr. Davis' time and mind, except what occasional fractions thereof he gives to the

HENRY G. DAVIS.

Democratic party. At least once Mr. Davis has been offered a Cabinet position under the Cleveland Administration; that was when Daniel Manning resigned the Treasury portfolio. Between the President and Mr. Davis there is a warm friendship. It was on the latter's invitation that Mr. Cleveland spent his honeymoon at Deer Park, which is the summer home of the Davis and Elkins families.

A Short Sermon for Boys.

A boy who climbs a fence and stones the servant girls in his neighbor's basement not only exhibits no pluck, but is paving the way for visits of another sort in later life which may land him in the penitentiary. The youthful taste for smashing glass on the sly or defiling a neighbor's door with mud, or injuring the weak and unprotected, is the germ which in due season unfolds into criminality of a more serious character, and fills the prison or supplies the scaffold. If parents are unable or unwilling to control these young ruffians, they should thank the police for arresting and the magistrate for punishing them. The time may come when they may be sorry that such benefactors did interpose oftener to shield their children from the results of their own folly. At any rate, the police and justices owe it to the community that this juvenile nuisance, by which property is depreciated and neighborhoods are terrorized, should be promptly abated.—*Baltimore American.*

THE number of barrels of flour handled by the New York Produce Exchange last year was 8,420,210, at an average price of $4.50, and the number of bushels of wheat was about 1,500,000,000, at a little over ninety-three cents per bushel.

OH! MY HEAD.

The pain from Neuralgia and its companion disease Rheumatism is excruciating. Thousands who could be quickly cured are needlessly suffering. Ath-lo-pho-ros will do for others what it did for the following parties:

Williamsport, Ind., Oct. 5, 1887.

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CHAUNCEY B. REDDICK.

Mt. Carmel, Ill., Dec. 26, 1887.

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NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.—THE annual meeting of the stockholders of the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad Company will be held at the office of the company, No. 233 South Fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa., on Monday, May 7, 1888, at 11½ o'clock, a. m. Election for president and directors same day and place.

JAMES B. McCLURE,
Secretary.
Mayr28

TOOTER WILLIAMS' GAME.

During Its Progress the High Cards Are Mysteriously Marked — Rev. Thankful Smith Catches On and Reverses the Marks — Mr. Tooter Williams' Pleasing Affability — The Big Jack Pot — "Fo' Kinks Agin Fo' Bullicks" — Williams' Despair and Attempted Suicide.

Last Saturday Mr. Tooter Williams presented himself at the room of the Thompson Street Poker Club forty minutes before the hour appointed for services. Mr. Williams entered the building humming a merry tune he had acquired the evening before in the lofty coon heaven at the Casino, tripped lightly up the six flights of stairs, removed the yellow glove from his right hand and rapped thrice upon the cracked panel of the janitor's door. The response was a simultaneous opening of the door and a furious onslaught upon Mr. Williams' right trouser leg by a valorous poodle which served the building as a burglar alarm.

Mr. Williams waited till the poodle's teeth were firmly set in the cloth, and then, by a dexterous backward fillip of his leg, projected the dog upward and backward over the baluster, whence he descended to the middle of the staircase with a dull thud and a sharp yell, and thence rolled noisily to the landing below.

Accomplishing this defense of his person, Mr. Williams bowed affably to the janitor, and, slipping a quarter into that functionary's hand, requested that the club-room should be opened, lighted and aired, and that he should be given a new pack of cards with which to amuse himself at solitaire until the other gentlemen should arrive.

Ascertaining that the poodle's back was not broken, although his spirit was, the janitor opened the room, lighted the lamp, produced the cards, and left Mr. Williams to himself.

Mr. William's game of solitaire was somewhat peculiar. For a moment he continued the Casino tune, but after the door closed he ceased being musical, listened, stepped softly over and bolted the door, and then chuckled.

"If I doan pahlize dad camp-meetin' moke ternite!—jumpin Gabril!—I'll jess—jess kyarve de stuffin' outen ole Smif."

Then Mr. Williams placed the lamp upon the table, carefully removed the cover from the cards, sorted out the aces, kings, queens and jacks, placed them face downward, and drew out a stylographic pen. Then he chuckled again.

"Ef I doan' lay out ole Glass Eye on de fuss jacker!"

Then, with rapid skill, Mr. Williams did as follows: On the right-hand corner of the back of each jack he placed a dot. On the back of each queen, in a similar place, he placed two dots, upon the kings three dots and upon the aces four dots. The dots were small and ingeniously immersed in the scroll work, but they were all there. Meanwhile Mr. Williams chuckled, and once remarked:

"Sufferin' Ebenezer! jess lemme at dat Gospil peddler!"

With these words and with various sniffs, snorts and chuckles all menacing the peace and financial prosperity of Rev. Thankful Smith, Mr. Williams put art touches to the court cards as described.

Once he stopped to listen, but seemed satisfied that no intrusion was threatening and resumed his labors. Had Mr. Williams used his eyes as sharply as his ears, he might not have chuckled so serenely, for the powerful kerosene ray which was projected through the keyhole of the door was reflected back in a curious manner.

This phenomenon, had Mr. Williams investigated it, would have been exposed as the result of the application of the janitor's eye to that orifice. By means of this stealthy proceeding he was enabled to see exactly what Mr. Williams was doing and report the same to Rev. Thankful Smith, whose goloshes made his ascent by the stairs almost noiseless, and who appeared on the scene in time to see Mr. Williams dot the last jack and hear him make the last threat recorded above.

After relieving the janitor at the keyhole for a moment, Rev. Mr. Smith tiptoed into that official's room, where the poodle was still whining under the bed, and a brief conversation in whispers ensued. A moment later the janitor strode heavily across the hall and knocked at the door of the club-room. Mr. Williams opened the door with a yawn.

"LEGGO MY GYARMENT!"

"Clar' to goodness, I done jess felled ter sleep," he said, "'n I doan' speck I'll play no solitary ter-night, 'ceptin' wif a glasser beer, 'n I'll go out 'n histe 'n one."

"Yezzah," said the janitor.

"Yar am de pack," said Mr. Williams, "'n yo see de papah's on it same ez befo' I"

"Yezzah."

"Dey'll call fer a new pack wen de luck's gittin' too bilious for some squealer, 'n den yo' bring in dis yar pack."

"Yezzah."

"I'm a goin' out ter woke myself up wif a beer, bud doan' tole de boys dad I've been yar."

"Yezzah."

"Funny 'bout dat dawg rollin' down steps. Speck he done heer a cat," said Mr. Williams, affably, as he left.

"Yezzah."

A minute later Mr. Williams was gone. Two minutes later, at the same table, by the same lamp, sat Rev. Thankful Smith, running over the pack with his practiced eye. Hard by stood the janitor, obsequiously ready to bring the great man any thing he wanted, from a growler of beer to a fire extinguisher.

"Dis am a fine pack," soliloquized the reverend gentleman, "but it 'pears ter me dat de flies hez been monkeyin' wif de big kyards. Hez yo' got a razzer," he inquired of the janitor.

"Yezzah," was the respectful response.

"Brung me de razzer, 'n brung me de pen 'n de ink," said Rev. Mr. Smith.

The janitor brought the articles required. The Rev. Mr. Smith was plunged in profound thought a moment. Then with admirable delicacy and the razor he scraped three dots from the back of each ace and added three to the back of each jack. The aces now had one dot, the kings three, the queens two and the jacks four, which was but a slight variation from Mr. William's method of decoration. The Rev. Mr. Smith then carefully replaced the pack in its original paper and returned it to the janitor, to whom he said:

"Wen Tooter arsks fur de new pack, fotch her in. Wen de han' am doled, touch off dat messinger buzzbox in yo' room 'n call de perlice 'n de Kyoroner, 'n yo'll see de bigges' middle-weight scrap ob de season."

* * * * * * *

One hour later the game was in full blast. The Rev. Thankful Smith presided, assisted as usual by Elder Jubilee Anderson, Mr. Cyanide Whiffles, Prof. Brick and Mr. Gus Johnson. At 9:30 o'clock precisely the door opened and Mr. Tooter Williams blew gayly in.

"Ah, there, gen'lemen," he exclaimed, "keep her bilin'. Gimme tree stacks—dar's de boodle—whad's de limmick—I'ze jess kem from Hoboken 'n I'm a gointer playum high." Chatting thus affably, Mr. Williams flung himself out of his ulster and into a chair, drew forth a huge wad of bills, shoved over $9 for chips, lighted a cigar, blew a cloud into Prof. Brick's weak eyes, propped his wet feet against Elder Jubilee Anderson's new trousers, expectorated in Mr. Cyanide Whiffles' hat, which had inadvertently been placed on the floor and which he pretended to mistake for a cuspidor, raised the Rev. Thankful Smith out of the first pot, and having thus made himself agreeable to the entire company, leaned back with a joyous smile, and burst once more into a snatch of the Casino song.

* * * * * * *

At 10:30 o'clock Mr. Williams was $8.65 behind, having imprudently selected as the proper time to play a kelter a moment when Rev. Thankful Smith was sitting behind three sad but powerful queens, and then he hammered on the kerosene can which served the club as a bell, summoned the janitor and demanded a new pack of cards.

It may be remarked that it was Mr. Williams' deal, and also a buck jack-pot.

The pack was brought, and Mr. Williams proceeded to deal, giving Rev. Thankful Smith three cards with one speck on the back of each, and himself four with three specks on the back of each. Meantime the janitor's eye shone brilliantly through the keyhole, and Mr. Cyanide Whiffles was in a congestive chill of excitement.

Rev. Thankful Smith opened the pot with a burst of blue chips, got raised by Mr. Williams, made the raise good, and got another card with one speck on it in the draw. Mr. Williams stood pat. There was war in the eyes of both. Mr. Gus Johnson swooned with emotion, Prof. Brick got near the window so as to be handy to the fire escape in case of murder, the janitor's eyes glittered more brightly at the keyhole, and Elder Jubilee Anderson breathed like a distant fog-horn. After the draw the betting was resumed.

* * * * * * *

At 12:30 a. m. Mr. Tooter Williams stood on the Brooklyn bridge, wrestling feebly with Mr. Gus Johnson.

"Lemme jump 'n be de fuss snoozencide ob de seasin," he yelled.

"No, Toot," remonstrated Mr. Johnson, "cummerlong home, 'n I'll sot up de beer 'n hot sassenger sangwidge."

"I done lose tree hunded 'n steen dollahs," said Mr. Williams, "'n wanter die."

"No, Toot; de wattah's coldah dan beeswax," pleaded Mr. Johnson.

"I hed fo' kinks," said Mr. Williams, "'n I doled him fo' jacks, 'n dey tuns out ter be bullicks," yelled Mr. Williams, capering with woe.

"Yezzah," said Mr. Johnson. "Bud sitch am life in large cities."

"'N I loss my boodle 'n my watch 'n my ulcer," moaned Mr. Williams, "'n I'm gointer trow myse'f inter de soak." Here he attempted to climb the rail. Mr. Johnson held the coat-tail a moment, but then reflected that it would be impolite to restrain Mr. Williams further, and so let go.

From his coign upon the rail, Mr. Williams surveyed the railway bed beneath, through whose interstices appeared the blackness of the river.

"I hain't got no frens 'n dar's no use livin' broke," he exclaimed, lingering to afford Mr. Johnson a chance to take a fresh hold.

"Dat's so," said Mr. Johnson, gloomily prepared for the worst, and taking out his watch to time Mr. Williams' descent.

Mr. Williams paused. "Gus," he said, "Ise got haffer mind to go back 'n take one mo' shy at de game."

Mr. Johnson reluctantly put up the watch, and Mr. Williams got down. They walked back in silence to the end of the bridge.

"Gus," said Mr. Williams, "ef you heddn't holt onter me I'd a gone 'n done it."

"I—I done leggo," gloomily responded Mr. Johnson.

"Gus," continued Mr. Williams, not noticing the interruption, "jess gimme dat glasser beer 'n sassenger sangwidge ter warm me up, 'n I'll go 'n do it."

"Yo' will, sho'!" eagerly but half doubtingly exclaimed Mr. Johnson.

"Sho'ly," asseverated Mr. Williams. "Jess settum up twicet, so's I'll die warm'n happy, 'n den, Gus, I'll borry a silvah plunk dollar, so's ter sink me deepah, 'n bid yo' good-by, 'n go 'n do it."

Mr. Johnson had his doubts, but led his way towards the saloon, determined to see his brother member safely and happily through.

The coroner has been notified, but as yet no crape hangs upon the club door.—*Henry Guy Carleton, in New York World.*

Dreams of the Blind.

A statistician, who has been studying the phenomena of dreaming, finds that the blind are, on the whole, less liable to dream than the seeing; and the observation tends to support the view, generally accepted, that dreams are most largely the product of impressions forced on the brain from without. Of course, it is not meant by this that the stimulus which provokes a dream is commonly conveyed through the sense of vision, but rather that the imaginative faculty, which becomes abnormally active in dreams, necessarily implies, for the vividness of its creative efforts, a certain familiarity with form, color and other objective qualities, which is to most blind persons an impossibility. Other senses than that of vision remain, it is true, with the blind and are exaggerated, but these afford less information for the creative faculty, and are consequently less liable to become the paths of dream stimuli.—*Chicago News.*

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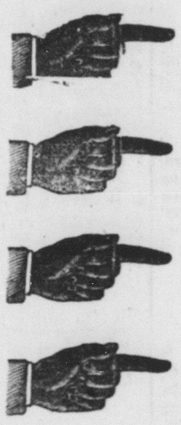

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Michael Kelsey, a moulder in a foundry in Lowell, Massachusetts, was fatally injured, and Edward O'Brien and John McCarthy severely burned, by the explosion of a brass roll on the 23d. Thomas Gibbs, aged 31, a miner, was killed on the 23d at Nanticoke, Penna., by a fall of rock in the colliery of the Susquehanna Coal Company. A party of log drivers in Baraga county, Michigan, attempted to thaw some dynamite over a cook stove in their shanty, on the afternoon of the 22d. An explosion followed, which killed Patrick Ratigan, William Morrison and Peter Somerville, and severely injured two others. John Parsons, wife and child, were killed by lightning on the evening of the 22d at their home in Centreville, Kentucky. There was a wreck on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Calera on the morning of the 22d. A brakeman was killed.

—The collector for the Methodist Book Concern in Boston on the 22d laid upon a counter while he went up stairs a pocketbook containing $250 cash and checks for about $2000, which he had just collected. During his absence the pocketbook was stolen. N. P. B. Wells, Treasurer of the Seneca Falls Savings Bank, in Albany, New York, was arrested on the 22d, charged with being a defaulter. The amount is thought to be under $12,000. Herbert D. Wells, charged with having embezzled $1000 belonging to the Keystone Watch Club Company, of Philadelphia, was arrested in Baltimore on the 23d. John Meyer, City Clerk of East St. Louis, disappeared several days ago, and a "shortage" nf $263 has been discovered in his accounts. He received license money for a short time during the absence of the City Treasurer.

—Deputy United States Marshal Burns has returned to San Francisco from Arizona, where he went to hunt down the Stein Pass train robbers. He reports that they were buried out of an adobe and shot down by Sheriff Paul and some Mexican soldiers. A man named Likins, living near Caboot, Missouri, on the 23d killed his two children, a boy and girl, aged respectively 9 and 11 years, with an axe, and then cut his own throat with a knife. Peter Ryan, a dissolute character in South Bend, Indiana, stabbed and killed Michael English on the 22d.

—The steamer City of New York, which has arrived at San Francisco from China, brings details of an earthquake in Yunnan. From the second day of the twelfth month of the last year till the third day of this year there were over ten shocks. In the town and suburbs over 4000 people were either killed or injured, and nine-tenths of the houses were knocked down.

—A hailstorm of remarkable severity passed over Mobile, Alabama, and the surrounding country on the afternoon of the 23d and was followed by a heavy rain. The hail fell for an hour, covering the ground, and doing great damage to vegetation, as well as smashing skylights in buildings. The rainfall was 2.74 inches, and the streets were flooded. Many stores and dwellings were damaged by the water, owing to the stoppage of the pipes by the hailstones. In the Battle House, the pipes being in the walls, burst and many of the handsomest rooms were flooded.

—The river at Dubuque, Iowa, on the 23d marked 20 feet 2 inches above low water mark. The lower part of the city was nearly afloat, and part of the levee was covered. The basements of many factories and buildings on the low grounds near the river are filled with water.

—Samuel T. Young, who fired the barn of Frank Nace, near Norristown, two weeks ago, whereby 39 animals perished, has been arrested. He made a confession, saying he went to the barn to steal a horse, and in lighting a match to find a halter he accidentally set fire to some straw and was unable to extinguish the flames. After selling the horse and spending the money he went back to the same neighborhood and stole a horse and buggy, which he also sold.

—Mrs. Honora Judge, aged 50 years, of Pittston, Penna., was burned to death on the 23d. Her clothes caught fire from the kitchen range. John Shay and William Williams were drowned on the evening of the 23d, in an attempt to run the rapids at Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin. Each leaves a wife and seven children.

—The mangled body of a well-dressed man was found on the afternoon of the 24th on the Pennsylvania Railroad track at the mouth of the tunnel near the eastern limits of Baltimore. From letters and tickets found on his person it was believed to be the body of Arthur Exley, a Philadelphia manufacturer of water sprinklers, and that he had been a passenger on the "limited," and was on his way to Washington. A coroner's inquest was held, but no facts were adduced to show how he came to his death. William Stringer, of Hot Springs, Arkansas, keeps half-a-dozen game cocks in his back yard. On the 23d his four-year-old son was chasing one of the birds, when it turned and attacked the little fellow, knocking him down and gaffing him about the head. The boy was cut and pecked in a horrible manner before he was rescued, and died of convulsions in a short time.

—The report of the Commissioners appointed to investigate absconding Treasurer Tate's office was submitted to the Kentucky Legislature on the on the 24th. The deficit is placed at $230,000. This may be reduced to less than $200,000, if certain papers prove good. The report shows that gross carelessness prevailed in the Treasurer's office during Tate's regime of 20 years. Samuel Whitney, alias Wm. Spurgeon, arrested in Springfield, Mo., on complaint of the Baltimore authorities, who accused him of embezzling $150,000 several years ago, has withdrawn his application for a writ of habeas corpus and will return to Baltimore voluntarily. The accounts of James Cummins, local manager for the R. G. Dun Commercial Agency in Dayton, Ohio, who committed suicide on the 22d, are $6000 short. Mrs. Cummins will get $8000 life insurance.

—B. F. Boyaston shot and fatally wounded Miss Lulu Frazier, in Cooper, Texas, on the afternoon of the 23d, and then committed suicide. The couple were engaged to be married. The knot was to have been tied on the evening of the 21st, but the young woman postponed the wedding and the shooting was the result. In the District Court in Malden, Massachusetts, on the 24th, Mrs. Abby H. Conner was placed under $5000 bail to answer a charge of manslaughter for causing the death of her daughter, Mrs. Lottie A. James, "the victim of the Christian science affair at Medford on the 19th." William Train, a thief and "bunco steerer," has been arrested in New York for causing the death of his pal, "Red" Leary, the notorious bank burglar, by hurling a brick at his head on the evening of the 21st. He claims that the affair was accidental.

—A revolving saw in Kent & Co's. wooden ware factory, at Corry, Penna., burst on the evening of the 24th, killing Embert L. Biship and dangerously injuring Lynn Perkins. A fire occurred in a tenement house in East Twenty-eighth street, New York, on the evening of the 24th. A woman, supposed to be Miss Lizzie Cook, was burned to death. Michael Cook, James Walter and Catherine Maloney were injured in jumping from the windows, the first named, it is thought, fatally.

—A despatch from Jacksonville, Florida, says the reports of yellow fever at Plant City, twenty miles north of Tampa, prove to be exaggerated. The village has a population of 300. Since last October there have been 90 cases of illness and only 12 deaths. All the unacclimated persons have moved away and energetic measures are now being adopted to stamp out the disease.

—It is thought at Dubuque, Iowa, that the river has reached its height. The levee is wholly covered by water up to the sidewalk of the buildings. The low northwestern portion of the city is quite inundated, but the worst is over. The freshet in the Galena river, at Galena, Illinois, has resulted in considerable damage thus far, and it is feared greater loss will follow, as the water is still rising. It has flooded the wood and lumber yard on the west bank of the river, inundated the freight depot of the Chicago, Burlington and Northern, and is gradually creeping up Green street, threatening to surround the Post Office and Custom House, as it did in 1880.

—At Yonkers, New York, on the afternoon of the 25th, while a number of men were working in a sewer trench, 16 feet deep, a water-pipe burst, causing the sides of the ditch to cave in and filling the trench with earth and water. Six men were buried, two of whom were taken out alive. The others—Patrick Kennedy, Reuben Oscar, M. Flynn and Michael Vail—were taken out dead. Michael Kennedy is missing.

—Mlle. Deaco, a slack wire performer, gave an open air exhibition in front of the Opera House in Steubenville, Ohio, on the evening of the 24th. The wire was stretched from the hotel window to a tree on the opposite side of the street, a distance of 100 feet, with a fall of one foot in two. When in mid air the apparatus gave way, and the woman fell and was fatally injured. Her real name is Annie Wilson, of Philadelphia.

—A horse Miss Etta Pinney was driving through the streets of Dublin, a suburb of Columbus, Ohio, on the evening of the 24th, ran away. The young woman was thrown out in such a way that her hair, which was loose, caught and wound around the hub, and she was dragged about 30 yards, when the shafts broke, releasing the horse. It was necessary to remove the wheel and take it home with the girl, as her hair was matted with the oil and dirt so that it could not be unwound. Miss Pinney was not fatally injured.

—In Lynchburg, Virginia, there was heavy frost during the evenings of the 23d and 24th. Ice formed in exposed places. Great anxiety is felt for the fruit.

—Joseph B. Evans made an unsuccessful attempt to kill his wife, in Reading, Penna., on the 25th, but succeeded in taking his own life with a revolver. Evans was 26 years old. The couple had been married but a short time, and Evans threatened his wife because she attended balls against his wishes. William Bullock shot and killed his wife in Newark, New, Jersey, on the 25th, and then fatally wounded himself. Jealousy was the cause. Samuel Dew shot and killed Edward H. Davis, Assistant Marshal of Nelsonville, Ohio, on the night of the 24th, and then committed suicide. Davis arrested Dew recently for fast driving.

—The Secretary of the Treasury on the 25th accepted tenders of bonds to the amount of $2,840,000. The payments from the Treasury on account of the bonds purchased this week aggregate about $4,300,000. The Comptroller of the Currency has authorized the Monongahela National Bank of Pittsburg to begin business with a capital of $250,000.

—Dennis Meredith, 12 years of age, was squeezed to death between two freight cars while playing with other boys in the Wilmington and Northern Railroad yard at Wilmington, Delaware on the afternoon of the 25th.

—The murder of Dr. W. E. Ashley and Eugene Grove, of Belvidere, Kansas, in the Indian Territory, has been confirmed. They started on a hunting and prospecting tour. They were killed by vigilantes. They had two women companions, but what has become of them or the remains of the murdered men cannot be ascertained. During a fight in a saloon in Pearsall, Texas, on the 25th, between Frank Nolan and William Jordan, the former had his skull fractured with a billiard cue, and the latter was stabbed in the back. It is thought both men are fatally injured. They are wealthy cattle dealers. Near Kokoma, Indiana, on the 25th, Charles Marks and Mary Ellen Roush were shot and dangerously, if not fatally, wounded by the woman's husband, Thomas Roush, who found them together. Mrs. Roush, though only 19 years of age, has been twice divorced, and a few days since applied for a divorce from her last husband, whom she married five weeks ago. Marks is 29 years of age, married and the father of two children. The wounded couple made ante-mortem statements. A posse of citizens is pursuing Roush, who has fled.

—General Abranam Merritt committed suicide in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, on the morning of the 26th by taking laudanum. He was 59 years of age. Samuel Harley, aged 57 years, died on the 26th, in Norristown, Penna., from the effects of a dose of arsenic, taken with suicidal intent. He had suffered from ill health. Mrs. Eleanor Buck committed suicide at her home, in Oswego, New York, on the 26th, by hanging herself to the bedroom door with a skein of yarn. Nervous trouble was the cause.

—A despatch from Staunton, Virginia, says heavy frosts during the week have killed the pear, plum and damson crops and greatly damaged the peach crop. Forward wheat on the river bottom is seriously injured. There was a heavy frost in Norfolk, Princess Anne and Nansemond counties, Virginia, on the night of the 25th, and the total damage to vegetation is estimated at half a million of dollars.

—In Chicago on the evening of the 26th two workmen for an electric light company were drilling a hole across the street for a conduit, and inadvertently punctured a gas main. The next instant an explosion occurred, and the clerks and customers in the Ball clothing store, the plate glass front, and piles of ready-made clothing were mixed in a heap, with broken timbers and falling plaster. It is not believed that any person was fatally injured. Emma Smith, 16 years of age, was burned to death near Dayton, Ohio, on the 26th, while trying to light a fire with coal oil.

—L. L. Dorsey, Jr., a well-known trotting horse breeder and turf writer, fell dead at his farm near Louisville, Kentucky, on the 26th, aged 69. He was an Englishman and a graduate of Oxford.

—Two empty coal trains on the Bound Brook branch of the Reading Railroad collided at Woodbourne Station on the morning of the 26th. Charles Wishman, conductor, and George Warren, brakeman, of Philadelphia, were killed. Seventy-five cars were wrecked. John Shindell, a well-known tobacco dealer and cigar manufacturer, of Lancaster, Penna., was struck by a train at a street crossing in that city on the evening the 26th. A carriage was struck by a railroad train at a street crossing in Brooklyn on the 26th. Mrs. Raynor was killed and two other persons were injured. A freight train collided with a work train at Birnamwood, Wisconsin, on the morning of the 26th, and both were wrecked. Ten or eleven men were injured, several dangerously.

—The bank of Antigo, Wisconsin, was robbed of $6000 on the afternoon of the 26th by some unknown person, who went in at the back door while the cashier was at dinner.

—John S. Delano, the aged bigamist, now in jail in Carthage, Illinois, has refused food or medicine for six days, except in one instance, when he took a a bite of cracker and a sup of tea. He is in an enfeebled condition and will die if nourishment cannot be forced upon him. George W. VanLear has been arrested in Urbana, Ohio, charged with burning the McKelvy property and attempting to murder his wife and three children, who were in the house at the time. It is said he was endeavoring to get hold of the estate, he being a son-in-law of Mrs. McKelvy.

—A notorious outlaw and train robber named Whitley was captured near Libertyville, Texas, on the 26th. He saw the two Deputy Sheriffs, and, dropping on the side of his horse, fired at them from under its neck. The fire was returned, Whitley's horse being killed and Whitley badly wound. There is a reward of $1500 for his capture.

—A train on the Burlington and Missouri Railroad was wrecked near Alma, Nebraska, on the 27th, by the breaking of a bridge. L. A. Town, of Grand Brapids, Michagan, was killed and another passenger severely injured. The mail and express cars were burned, with their contents. A sleeping car on a train on the Burlington road jumped the track near Orleans, Nebraska, on the morning of the 27th. One man was killed and five injured. On the evening of the 27th Frederick Witt touched an electric light wire hanging from a lamp of the United States Electric Light Company, in the Bowery, New York, and was instantly killed. George Mooney accidently shot and killed his friend George Hammersmith, in Birmingham, Alabama, on the 27th, while playing with a revolver which he thought had no cartridge in it.

—While the gas chamber in a passenger car was being filled at the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Depot, in Reading, Pa., on the morning of the 27th, the hose through which the gas passed exploded. Theodore Acker, Theodore Davis, John Rickert and others were severely burned. The passengers were thrown into a panic as the flames shot around the car, but the fire was soon extinguished.

—A cyclone struck the east edge of Pratt, Kansas, on the afternoon of the 26th, demolishing several houses and killing Mrs. William Fisher. Many other persons were severely hurt by flying debris.

—Near O'Fallen, Missouri, on the 27th, Ernest Cleschulte shot and killed his wife and eldest son, and beat his youngest son with the butt end of a revolver until he was insensible. Cleschulte then took his own life. He separated from his wife about two years ago and threatened to kill her because she refused him the privilege of seeing his children.

—Anton Wildvogel and Emil Schuler were found dead on the evening of the 26th, in a cistern in St. Louis, where they had been suffocated by foul air. They were cleaning the cistern and, one of them remaining inside a long time, the other entered the cistern to investigate.

—"Jack" Stancliff was shot by Mrs. Nero in Chillicothe, Missouri, on the evening of the 26th, and died on the 27th. Stancliffe was employed by Mrs. Nero's husband, and they quarreled about his going to a Salvation Army meeting. It is believed that Mrs. Nero is insane. Near Shamokin, Penna., on the evening of the 26th, Anthony Reddy plunged a knife into the abdomen of Michael Armstrong, because the latter reproached him for not paying his board bill. Armstrong died on the morning of the 27th.

50th CONGRESS.—First Session.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate on the 23d, among the petitions presented was one "to make good to the officers and soldiers of the late war the difference between gold and the gold value of the greenbacks in which they were paid." A conference committee was appointed on the joint resolution accepting the invitation of the French Republic to take part in the Paris Exposition of 1889. The bill to forfeit certain lands heretofore granted to aid in the construction of railroads, and the Animal Industry bill, were successively considered and laid aside. The International Copyright bill was discussed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the United States Senate on the 24th, the session was opened with an impressive prayer by Rev. Dr. H. Paraina Mendez, Rabbi of the Spanish and Portuguese congregation of New York. A bill was reported to provide for the erection of public buildings for post-offices in towns and cities where the post-office receipts for three years preceding have exceeded $3000 annually. The House bill appropriating $200,000 for an arsenal at Columbia, Tennessee, was passed. The Animal Industry bill was also considered, but not acted upon. An executive session was held, after which bills were passed making appropriations for public buildings at Portsmouth, Ohio ($60,000), New London, Connecticut ($75,000), and Allentown, Penna. ($100,000); appropriating $25,000 for a lighthouse at St. Joseph's Point, Fla.; $25,000 for a lighthouse at Holland's Island Bar, Chesapeake bay, and $50,000 for a lighthouse at Newport News, Virginia, and to amend the laws relating to mineral lands and mining resources. Adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 25th, bills were reported to relieve certain enlisted men of the navy and marine corps of the charge of disertion, and to enlarge the powers and duties of the Department of Agriculture. A conference committee was appointed on the bill giving a pension to the widow of General Ricketts. Mr. Voorhees spoke at length upon the political issue of the day. The bill to forfeit unearned land grants was considered. Messrs. Hoar and Jones, of Arkansas, were designated to attend the examination at West Point, and Messrs. Paddock and Walthall to attend the examination at Annapolis. A bill was passed appropriating $35,000 for a lighthouse, fog signal and day beacon near Goose Rocks in Fox Island Thoroughfare, Maine. The Senate then adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate on the 26th, the House bill to extend the time for the construction of the Arthur Kill bridge was reported and placed on the calendar. Mr. Ingalls gave notice that on Tuesday next he would submit some further remarks "on the President's message." A conference report on the joint resolution for participation in the Paris Exposition of 1889 was agreed to. It fixes the appropriation at $250,000. The Railroad Land Forfeiture bill was considered and went over. Bills were passed appropriating $100,000 additional for the completion of a public building in Wichita, Kansas; relating to the anchorage of vessels in the port of New York, and appropriating $150,000 for a public building in Norfolk, Virginia. Mr. Hale wished to call up the bill for the appointment and retirement of John C. Fremont as a Major General in the army, but Mr. Reagan objected, as he desired to speak against the bill, and was not now prepared to do so. The Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. House of Representatives on the 27th, the discussion of the Tariff bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole. The speakers were Messrs. Brewer, of Michigan; Ford, of Michigan; Goff, of West Virginia, and Landis, of Illinois. A recess was then taken. The evening session was devoted to the consideration of private pension bills. Adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House on the 23d, the Speaker presented an invitation to Congress, which was referred, to participate in the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the inauguration of George Washington, to be held in New York on April 30, 1889. A bill from the Senate granting a pension of $100 a month to the widow of General James B. Ricketts was passed, with an amendment reducing the amount to $75. A number of bills and resolutions were introduced under the call of States and referred. Mr. Hemphill, of South Carolina, moved to go into Committee of the Whole on District of Columbia bills. Lost—yeas 55, nays 166. The House then went into committee on the River and Harbor bill. Pending action the House adjourned.

In the House on the 24th, the report of the Election Committee was presented in the case of Frank vs. Glover, from the Ninth District of Missouri. It sustains the right of Mr. Glover to his seat. It was placed on the calendar. The Senate joint resolution appropriating $30,000 for our representation at the Brussels Exposition; the Anderson resolution for an investigation of the Chicago, Quincy and Burlington strike, and the bill to regulate the course at the Naval Acrdemy, were reported and placed on the calendar. The House went into Committee of the Whole on the Tariff bill and was addressed by Mr. McMillin, of Tennessee, in support of the bill. Mr. Burrows, of Michigan, opposed the bill. The committee then rose. Mr. Mills moved a recess until 8 o'clock, but no quorum voted, and the House adjourned.

In the House, on the 25th, the consideration of the Tariff bill was resumed in Committee of the Whole, and Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, spoke in favor of a revision of the tariff. Mr. Browne, of Indiana, spoke in opposition to the Mills bill. Mr. Dockery, of Missouri, spoke in favor of tariff reduction. The committee then rose, and Mr. McMillan submitted a resolution agreed to in the Ways and Means Committee relative to the limit of general debate on the Tariff bill, and to night sessions. Twenty days is the limit, the time to be divided equually between both sides. The resolution was adopted. A bill was reported, and referred to the Committee of the Whole, appropriating $150,250 for the representation of the Government at the Centennial Exhibition to be held in Cincinnati. The House then took a recess. In the evening session Messrs. Shaw, of Maryland, and Glass of Tennessee, spoke in support of the Mills bill.

In the House, on the 26th, a Senate bill was passed for the relief of the Omaha Indians in Nebraska and to extend the time of payment to purchasers of the land of said Indians. Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, from the Ways and Means Committee, reported a resolution, which was adopted, calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for information as to the number of persons in the United States engaged in manufacturing and agricultural pursuits who are subject to competition from foreign countries. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Tariff bill. Messrs. Buchanan, of New Jersey, and Osborne, of Pennsylvania, opposed the bill, and Messrs. Hemphill, of South Carolina, and Hudd, of Wisconsin, supported it. A recess was then taken until evening. In the evening session Mr. Sayers, of Texas, spoke in favor of the bill. Adjourned.

Old People.

Beginning his eighty-third year, M. Ferdinando de Lesseps can look around says the London *News*, and see but very few men of anything like equal eminence who are as old as he. Dr. Dollinger is eighty-eight, Moltke and Bancroft, the historian, are each eighty-seven, Kossuth is eighty-five, Professor Owen is eighty-three; but it is not easy to extend the list. Yet it is not astonishing to note the large number of living men who have passed the ordinary limit of human life. Of sovereigns the Pope is seventy-seven, and King William of the Netherlands is well on in his seventy-first year. Of statesmen Mr. Gladstone will be seventy-nine next month, Mr. Bright is seventy-six, Prince Bismarck is seventy-two, M. Jules Grevy is seventy-four, M. Leon Say and M. Leroy are each seventy-one, Lord Selborne is seventy-five, Sir Rutherford Alcock is seventy-eight, Lord Sherbrooke is seventy-six, and Lord Granville is seventy-two. Of Generals, MacMahon is seventy-nine, Letœuf is seventy-eight, and Bazaine and Cialdini are each seventy-six. Of poets, Lord Tennyson is seventy-eight, Mr. Browning is seventy-five, and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes is seventy eight. Of musicians, M. Verdi is seventy-three. Of engineers, Lord Armstrong is seventy-seven, and Sir John Hawkins is seventy-six. Of painters, Meissonier is seventy-two; and finally of showmen, Barnum is seventy-seven. Perhaps, however, M. Chevreul, who is fairly started upon his 102d year, ought not to be omitted.

Strategy of a Composer.

The renowned composer Brahms finds it impossible to work except amid absolutely quiet surroundings. He cannot endure the least noise either above, under or at the sides of the room in which he studies. In order to assure himself of the stillness of a lodging it is his custom on his tours to cathechise the portier of the house in which he thinks of taking up his abode. As it is not much use to inquire in plain terms whether the house is perfectly quiet, Brahms resorts to a piece of strategy, the character of which is shown in the following dialogue: Herr Brahms to the porter: "You must know that I am a jovial sort of fellow and like plenty of music Tell me, now, is there any playing or singing in this house?" The portier to Brahms: "Lots of it, I assure you. There is a piano in the room on this side, and another on that side, and the lady underneath is singing all day and half of the night." Brahms to the porter: "I am so glad you have told me this; I must call again." But the maestro forgets to pay his second visit.

Every time I pay rent I am taking so much away from a home of my own.

Every time I spend a dollar foolishly I am opening a pauper's grave.

THE MARKETS.

PROVISIONS—				
Beef city fam bl	8 50	@	9 00	
Hams	16 50	@	17 00	
Pork Mess	16 00	@	—	
Prime Mess, new	14 50	@	—	
Sides smoked	—	9¾	@	— 10
Shoulders smoked	—	7¾	@	—
do in salt	—	5¾	@	—
Smoked Beef	—	12	@	— 13
Lard Western bls	8 00	@	8 12½	
Lard loose	7 50	@	7 75	
FLOUR—				
West. and Pa. sup	— 2 50	@	2 75	
Pa. Family	3 75	@	4 85	
Minn Clear	3 85	@	4 10	
Pat. Wnt Wh't	4 50	@	4 80	
Rye Flour	3 60	@	3 62½	
GRAIN—				
Wheat No. 1 red	— —	@	— —	
Rye	— —	@	— —	
Corn, No. 2 White	— —	@	— —	
No. 3	— 61	@	— —	
Oat, No. 1 White, new	— 43	@	— —	
No. 2 do new	— 42½	@	— —	
No. 2 Mixed, new	— 39	@	— —	
FISH—				
Mackerel, Large Is	26 —	@	— 30	
No. 2 Shore	19 —	@	20 —	
Herring, Lab	6 50	@	7 —	
SUGAR—				
Powdered	4 13-16	@	4 15-16	
Granulated	7 1-16	@	—	
Confec. A	6¾	@	—	
HAY AND STRAW—				
Timothy, choice	16 —	@	— —	
Mixed	12 00	@	14 —	
Cut Hay	— —	@	— —	
Rye Straw	20 —	@	— —	
Wheat Straw	— —	@	— —	
WOOL—				
Ohio, Penna. and W. Va. Fleece XX and above	31	@	33	
Common	29	@	30	
Unwashed medium	26	@	29	

A Brave Woman; or, For Her Own True Love.

Frank Bayard was a young American of good family who went to Hermosillo in New Mexico to superintend the Santa Rita gold mine. It was while living here that he fell in love with a beautiful Spanish girl, Donna Francesca Fonseca, the daughter of the Alcado, or local justice of the peace.

Donna Francesca could handle a gun as well as any hunter in the neighborhood, and from a line of sturdy Spanish ancestors she inherited a brave spirit and indomitable courage. The young couple were betrothed, and it was settled that they should be married early in September.

One day a boy who worked for Mr. Bayard rode up in great haste to the ranch of Don Fonseca and informed him that a band of robbers, under the redoubtable Jaquin Alvaros, had robbed the office of the mine and carried Frank Bayard away as prisoner.

Donna Francesca did not weep and wring her hands when she heard the news. She slipped up to her own room, cut off her beautiful hair, and putting on a boy's suit mounted a fleet horse and galloped away in pursuit of the bandits.

For several days she continued her march to the mountains, hardly stopping for food. On the noon of the third day she was delighted to see the smoke rising from a fire in the bandits' camp. Crawling toward the opening her joy increased as she saw her lover wandering unharmed about the camp, but evidently under guard. That night through the rocky gateway the brave girl crept until she found herself at her lover's side.

"Sh! 'Tis I—Francesca! Follow me but make no noise," and she thrust a revolver into his hands.

Back to the gateway with infinite care and caution; past the sentry into the cleft; then on their feet; one long, loving embrace, and then onward up the trail she was leading him.

The horses reached, they saddled and started. Francesca going first; and as they rode she told him how she had come after him.

It was nearly 10 o'clock, when, as they were climbing up the side of a mountain, after having crossed a small valley, they heard some shots behind them, and, pausing, saw the bandits, some twenty in number, descending the trail they had gone over two hours before. Francesca laughed.

"I know a place about three miles from here," she said; "we could hold out for a week against an army. Come, let's hurry on."

A turn of the road, as they wound round the highest part of the mountain trail, and she reined her horse in. It was a natural fort. On one side the rock went up straight for nearly a hundred feet, while on the other the precipice went down sheer. The shelf upon which the trail ran was not more than six feet high.

"Let us camp here and wait for them."

Tying the horses behind in a little bay-like opening in the side of the mountain, while Frank Bayard built a wall of loose stones, some five or six feet high, Donna Francesca got the saddle-bags, and from them produced an abundance of food. The two took their breakfast leisurely, talking and laughing the while.

But this pleasant time was interrupted by the tramp of horses, and a man appeared round the corner.

"Senor," said Frank, "I have escaped, as you know. I advise you to go back. I am well armed, and if you advance it will be death."

The bandit paused, then speaking to the men behind him, he turned his horse round and disappeared. In a few minutes, however, he came back with three or four more. There was a clear space of some thirty feet they had to cross before reaching the wall.

"Senors," said Frank again, "I warn you."

The reply was an oath, followed by a rush. Crack! crack! crack! went the repeating rifles, and only two men reached the wall. One Frank struck with his fist and knocked him out to the edge of the cliff, where he made a desperate attempt to recover himself, failed, and fell with a yell. The other the girl shot.

In that narrow space, and among that compact body of men, it was impossible to miss. The attacking party wavered, one turned, and then another, while the ledge was strewn with dead and wounded men.

Suddenly Francesca heard a horse behind them and turned pale.

"If these are more of those bandits," she said fiercely, "I must not fall alive into their hands."

And Frank promised with a look.

In intense anxiety they waited for five or six minutes, which seemed an age, and then around a turn in the trail they saw Don Ramon coming.

For the first time Francesca gave way and fainted.

The only Mexican lady with short hair I ever saw in my life was Senora Francesca Bayard, for her husband would never allow her to grow it long again.

He used to say, as they told the story in their pleasant home, that beautiful as it had been in his eyes before it was cut, it was more beautiful now.

The Sport of Seal Killing.

A gentleman stood in front of a furrier's store contemplating the seal garments that filled the windows.

"I never see a seal coat," he said, "that I am not reminded of a heart-breaking day I passed among the seal killers."

Then he told of joining an expedition, when he was a young man, and going out for the sport of seal killing. They knocked the pretty creatures on the head. The seals are so tame, affectionate and fearless, that when the hunters landed and came among them they crowded round them like dogs, making their little, friendly bark and fawning upon the murderous hands that proceeded to stretch them bloody corpses upon the beach. The man related how sick at heart he got; how he tried to get away from this massacre of the innocent, and to this day a sealskin coat recalled his wretched experience as a murdering criminal among the seals

In Bondage.

You weep, my Lili, above the page
That tells the "ancient wrong"
Of captives' tears and tyrants' rage,
And weak oppressed by strong:

Your Poet knows a sterner thrall,
A harder yoke he sings—
The bondage of the Very Small,
The Tyranny of Things.

And truly ours is hardest fate,
Our lot more hopeless far,
Who scarcely feel our lost estate,
Or know what slaves we are.

Slaves to Life's thousand small demands,
Its toil, its fret, its care;
Slaves to our homes, our goods, our lands,
Slaves to the clothes we wear!

Slaves to the cherished things we fold
In careful closets shut,
The plate we store, the books we hold
Too choice to read— or cut!

Slaves—ah, to what a host of things!
Poor Gullivers would quake
Beneath a web of threads and strings
We know not how to break!

Give place, O "Tamerlane the Great,"
Sesostris, Ptolemy!
I sing the bond to whose hard weight
Your chains were liberty:

The yoke more strict than despot's thrall,
More stern than rule of kings—
The hardest tyranny of all,
The tyranny of things!

A MISTAKE RECTIFIED.

"Inex, do you love him? He is almost a stranger to you. Do you love him?"

The question was asked with drawn, white lips, but the girl did not see them. She was blushing vividly, and her beautiful gray eyes were fastened on the spray of blossoms which she plucked nervously to pieces.

"I—I think so, Cecil. I never saw anybody like him, and he is so—so handsome! Yes, I think I love him. Will you tell him so?"

"No, no, I will not tell him so. Go out to him there, Inex, and tell him yourself. I will only pray God to keep you happy. Go now; I have work to do."

She went shyly out, wondering that Cecil Crane should ever be so busy as to send her from his presence, but forgetting all about it in a moment, and trembling with shy delight at the thought that Alton Forrest was waiting for assurance of her love.

Cecil, left behind, bowed his white face to his hands, and fought the passionate pain that smote him.

She was going out of his life at last—she whom he had hoped would never care to leave him. He had kept silent concerning his own love, thinking her too young to listen; and lo! another had spoken and she was gone out to the sunlight, to lay her hand in the hand of her lover, and be to Cecil Crane forever after only the fair young creature whom he had loved and lost.

He had loved her ever since that night, nine years before, when he had striven with others to save some of the passengers and crew of a vessel which was flung in fragments on the beach below, after being driven by tempest on the reef's cruel surface.

He had taken a heavy burden up the wet sands and laid it down before the throng of women who were there to aid. it was a dying mother and an unconscious child, locked fast in each other's arms.

The mother lay in the graveyard, which he could see from his window, the child was grown to a fair and gracious maiden, and a stranger, pausing in the tiny hamlet beside the sea, had wooed her, won her, and would bear her away with him to his home afar.

A stranger had won her! Yet to save her life, nine years before, Cecil Crane had risked his own; and as he drew his hand over his forehead his fingers touched a long, livid scar, received by him that tempestuous night, when he, a stripling of seventeen, had taken the child from the locked, dead arms of its mother, and placed it in the tender ones of his own.

That scar he would carry with him to his coffin; yet, a stranger, who had only whispered low love-words at her ear, had come to him to ask, her hand!

"Why did I never dream of this? Why did I not realize that other eyes than mine must see her beauty?" he cried, below his breath. "She seemed my own—given me by the waters, claimed by none for nine long years! How will I live without her? What will life be when she is no longer here?"

He could not bear to dwell on that. Setting his teeth hard, he lifted his head and arose to his feet. Then he went out to where Inez was standing beside her lover.

The handsome face of his unconscious rival was full of triumphant joy. It made Cecil's heart cold to see it, but he went quietly up to Alton.

"Mr. Forrest," he said, so clearly and calmly that no one would fancy he was fresh from the most cruel blow fate could deal him, "Inez is young, and I ask you to wait a year before you claim her."

"A year!" cried the impetuous lover, his eyes darkening with discontent. "One is never too young to be happy, and Inez loves me. She will be happiest with me. I will not wait a year. Why should I?"

"Why?" repeated Cecil, slowly, with his grave eye on the handsome, flushed face, which, in his sight, lacked somewhat of strength and truth—"why? Because of your past I know too little to be glad to give into your keeping the young life it has been my care to render happy for nine years—because Inez is well worth waiting for, and if you love her truly you will wait."

"But you have not the right to decide for her—she is not akin to you!" broke out Alton, hotly.

Inez laid her hand on her lover's arm, a certain dignity about her, as she faced him.

"You do not quite understand," she said, gently. "Cecil has the right to decide for me. He is more to me than brother ever was to sister, and if you love me, you will remember all I owe Cecil, and make him your friend. I would rather part from you now, and part forever, than know I had gone against the wishes of one to whom I owe my life and nine years of perfect happiness."

"I—I forgot that he had saved your life, stammered Alton. "But I will try to remember it. A year seems so long! But I can come often to see you, and you will write me every day, will you not? My beautiful love, I wish I could take you with me now; you have bewitched me!"

"Yes," muttered Cecil, as he walked on and left them—"yes, there is a spell on you now, Mr. Alton Forrest, but I read you wrongly, if you are not faithless—if you have not so loved and so vowed before. For one year I will keep my sunbeam; then, if you prove true, you shall be free to take her from me, and I will dwell in my darkness."

A week after, and Alton Forrest left the village beside the sea, vowing that he left his heart, every hope of his life behind him, and that he would soon return; but weeks drifted by, months followed, until six were told, and his face had not been seen by Inez. He wrote, it is true, at first often and fondly, then seldom and briefly, and Cecil, seeing, felt a hot resentment grow in his soul against the man whose indifference had paled the fair face of his darling, and brought that wistful, waiting look, into her sweet eyes.

"He has found another pretty face, and Inez will watch for him in vain," he told himself. "Thank heaven, I did not give her to him six months ago; better have her heart break for loss of him, than see her drag out the weary, dreary life of an unloved wife. Oh, how I would have cherished her, had she given her young love to me!"

Through all the days that came and went, he watched the flower-fair face lose its bloom, and the delicate lips lose their laughter; and in his heart he hated, with a fierce, overmastering hatred, the butterfly lover, who left his light kiss on the fairest blossom he had met, then flown away and forgotten, while the flower drooped, pining for the light gauze of his wing.

She said nothing, but she was no longer the merry child, and her gray eyes grew yearning.

Cecil saw all, and when the letters wholly ceased, and he understood that Inez was wholly forsaken, he wrote to Alton Forrest himself—a letter which bore in every line a blow.

For answer he received a newspaper, with one paragraph marked with red ink.

Alton Forrest was married, and the year which he had thought so long to wait for Inez had not yet passed. With his troth to her unbroken, he, who had wooed her so passionately but a few brief months before, was another's husband.

Cecil crushed the paper in his hand, and bent his face.

"Oh, God! how can I tell her?" he cried, hoarsely.

A small hand stole across his forehead, lingering tenderly on the scar near the temple.

"Cecil, are you in trouble? Let me share it—let me soothe you if I can."

It was Inez. She had glided in and stood near, fair, sweet, pale, but with her gray eyes steadfast and tender, as he lifted his own to them.

"Inez," he said, sadly, "my precious one, this trouble is not wholly mine! Would to God it were! You share it, Inez. The heaviest part of it will fall on you. Dear as you are to me, great as my love for you is, I cannot spare you this."

She looked down in his face with startled eyes; her breath came rapidly, her hands trembled.

"You—you love me, Cecil?" she whispered, pantingly. "You did not mean that, did you? You do not love me?"

He drew her suddenly into his arms, and held her to his bosom, as though he would fain keep her there, sheltered from all evil forever.

"Not love you?" he said, sadly. "Not love you, when my heart has held you in it ever since I first saw you, a tiny child, with eyes like stars? My darling, through all those years you have seemed mine, although I said no word to you; and when Alton Forrest asked me for you, he asked for all the glory of my life. Dear, it was hard to give you to him, but I tried to do it in silence. I wished only your happiness; and now—now— Oh, my Inez!"

He held her close, and she did not shrink from him. Her cheeks were crimson, her eyes were full of light.

"And now, Cecil?" she whispered, softly.

"Alton Forrest is married, Inez."

She laughed, a low, musical laugh; and touched his cheek gently with her fingers.

"I am so glad!" she said, gaily. "I so feared he might want me to keep my promise to him, and I never loved him, Cecil. I was such a child, and his face was handsome. It was only when I began to think of going away from you that I knew how much you were to me. I have not grieved for Alton; I was trying to fight down my love for you. I did not think you cared for me, and I was very miserable. Cecil, I have never been so happy as I am now; I am so glad you love me."

"Inez, you are sure—sure? You do not say this all from pity? You love me—me, not Alton Forrest?"

"Not Alton Forrest, my Cecil," she whispered at his ear. "That was a girlish fancy, and such things die. This is a woman's love, and such things never die."

"My darling," he said, below his breath, "my precious one—my own!"

Engagements in France.

Engagements in France do not generally last very long, three or four months being often the limit, and this time is hardly sufficient to prepare the extensive trousseau required. The corbeille de mariage is an hazard of thing in our country, but is essential in France. It is the gift of the future husband and his family, and must be furnished with all that is beautiful and costly. The cashmere shawls, the velvet dresses, diamonds and pearls are the first gifts, and then comes the priceless laces, sets of precious stones and the family jewels.

—Report has it that Blue Wing has developed a splint on the inside of his near foreleg, and that he will not start in the Brooklyn or Suburban handicaps.

THE BIG HORN HERMIT.

Living in the Mountain With a Pet Bear.

Few people can know of the strange things that we meet in the wilds of Wyoming. While hunting not long ago up in the very heart of the Big Horn mountains we came to a little open valley through which ran a stream of pure cold water. Following the stream up to its source we found a magnificent spring. The pool was six feet wide, seven or eight feet deep and so clear that every pebble on the bottom could be distinctly seen. Near the spring stood an old double cabin of rough-hewn logs, which we at first thought was uninhabited. On closer inspection, however, we found that somebody lived in it. We rapped on the door, but got no response, and we were about to turn away when a pet bear shambled up the path toward us and an old man clad almost entirely in skins of wild animals followed close behind the bear.

"Come here, Jacko," said the man, "and don't be too free with the strangers. He won't hurt you, gentlemen," continued the old man, "but he is mighty free." The bear sat up and looked and then came up and smelled us. "Get out of the way, Jacko," said the old frontiersman, giving the brute a smart kick, "and mind your manners. Come in, gentlemen, and don't mind Jacko; he is my only companion, and he and I live here all alone. I expect I spoil him sometimes, but Jacko is a mighty smart bear and can do almost everything but talk. I got him when he was only a little cub up there on the mountain, and he is now over a year old. Go and lie down, Jacko," and the bear did as he was bid.

We were now in the cabin, and a strange place it was. An old fireplace, with a few pans and kettles, a rough table made of hewn logs and set up on stakes and three-legged stools completed the furniture. The earthen floor was covered with bear, wolf, fox and swift skins, and Jacko rested on the pelt of a magnificent grizzly, perhaps the hide of his own father. The walls were ornamented with skins hung up on pegs, and a dozen or more heads of elk, deer, bear, antelope, wolves and lions beautifully preserved looked down at us. The poise and expression of the heads were so lifelike they seemed as if about to spring from the walls. One huge wolf, a Rocky mountain lion and a swift had been stuffed entire and they looked as if alive. I expressed astonishment at the beautiful art of the taxidermist and the skill with which the work was done and the old man seemed pleased.

"I did it all," he said; "the winter nights are long and when I work it keeps me from getting lonesome."

Hearing me addressed by my companion by my military title, the old man looked hard at me and then asked quickly:

"Are you a soldier? In what army did you serve during the war?"

I gave him my name and told him I had served in the Army of the Potomac for nearly three years.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "I was there too, and I remember you perfectly well now. "Well, well," he continued, "it seems a long time since the war, and I presume most of my old comrades are dead." He then told me the number of his regiment and company and the names of his officers. He had gone into service from Philadelphia and had been all through the war. Before the war he was a furrier on Arch street, Philadelphia.

"What are you doing out here all alone in this God-forsaken place?" I asked.

"Not God-forsaken," he replied, "for here, General, amid these mountains we are almost face to face with God."

"But what are you doing here living like a hermit?" I persisted. "Come, old comrade," I added kindly, "you may trust me and give me your story."

And he did tell it. It was one of the saddest tales I ever heard, and I should like to repeat it entire, only I don't think he would like me to do so. Suffice it to say he had a family—a young wife and two children—when he went into the army and left them behind in the great city. For a year or two all went well, and then he heard strange tales of his wife's infidelity. He did not believe them and served out his enlistment and returned home, only to find the stories he had heard were too true and his wife was living with another man. He took his children from her, cursed her and left. His children he left with his brother in Iowa and then came to the Rocky mountains. He had been for over twenty years in the valley where I found him, and said he never would leave it. I asked him if he did not want to see his children, and he said they were both married to good men, and would not want to see such an uncouth old creature as himself even if he did want to see them. He had given all his money and property to his brother for them and that ended it. He knew they were all right and he was glad of it. He preferred to be alone, for he had nothing now to live for.

He cooked us some supper, and it was plain enough, but good. An ash cake, some fried deer meat and baked potatoes was all he had to offer, but it tasted good, and we washed our food down with a draught of sweet water from the beautiful spring.

After supper he took us into the adjoining cabin, and there I saw a sight I shall not soon forget. The walls were completly covered with heads beautifully done and wonderfully life-like. There were elk and deer with great antlers, wolves, foxes, swifts, antelopes, bears and Rocky Mountain lions. I expressed my astonishment at the perfection of his work, and he said: "Time and care does it. The winter evenings are long, and I spend much time at my work." I asked him where he got his skins, and he said he shot the animals. Formerly he killed a great many for sport, but now he killed only a few for food, and occasionally one for his pelt. I asked him how he tanned them, and he said an old Mexican named Pete, who lived over the mountain in another valley, tanned them for him.

Yes, once in a while he sold some heads to get flour, ammunition and tobacco, and once in a while hunters stumbled on his place and caried away some of the heads. An English lord—Captain Grissell, or something of the kind—had come last year and taken away most of his best heads and carried them to England.

Wouldn't we stay all night? It was late in the day and the paths in the mountains were uncertain. He could give us a fur bed and a pretty good breakfast of fat venison. If we would stay he would make Jacko dance for us.

It needed not much urging, for the clouds looked heavy in the west and evidently a storm was coming up. It was nearly dark, too, and thanking the old hermit for his hospitality we gladly accepted the friendly shelter of his roof for the night. Then he brought in some pine logs, made up a good fire, fried some more potatoes and deer meat and baked some batter in a pan. After eating all we could hold he called up Jacko and made him dance, turn somersaults, tumble, open and shut the door, go for water, bring in wood and perform a number of tricks. Jacko was given his supper of cooked meat and put to bed in the corner.

"You don't know what a comfort Jacko is to me," said the old man. "He's just like a human being, only he's a deal better than some I have known. Jacko is honest, and we often talk together—that is, I talk to him, and sometimes I think he understands me."

The old man had some tobacco and corncob pipes, and he offered us each one. "I smoke a good deal," he said, "and find my pipe company. There is lots of company in a pipe when I'm lonesome. Jacko smokes, or thinks he does." He then called up Jacko, made him sit up, put a pipe in his mouth and placed his hat on the bear's head. The bear made a funny picture. "Come and give me a hug and go to bed, Jacko," said the old man, and the bear came and gave him a hug and then went to his corner.

We sat quite late into the night talking of the war. The old man loved to talk about the battles he had been in. I had noticed he was slightly lame, and he showed me where he had been shot in the leg at Antietam. I told him he was entitled to a pension, and should get it for his children, if not for himself. He shook his head sadly and said: "I have all I need. I have done with the world. Jacko and I will stay here and not bother about anything."

I was a little afraid of that bear, but the old man assured me he would not move out of his corner until morning, and he did not.

Next morning, after a hearty breakfast, we left him at the door of his lonely cabin, and Jacko turned several somersaults of delight, as if he was glad we were going, and no doubt he was.

Jewish Highlanders in the Caucasus.

The Caucasian Jews are inordinately fond of green stuff, consuming it in quantities that amaze a stranger. In partaking of food, as in the mode of service, the old Jewish customs are strictly followed. A wooden platter (or, if a guest be present, a handsome copper dish) is placed upon a carpet on the floor. On this are set two cakes of unleavened bread covered with a cloth—woolen on ordinary occasions, but of silk on Sabbaths and festivals. Salt, onions, garlic and fruit are ranged round the bread, and all sit down upon the floor. The master pours water over his two hands, recites a blessing, then uncovers the bread, breaks the upper loaf into as many pieces as there are males present, and gives each one a piece. The pieces are dipped into salt three times and eaten. The second loaf is then served in like fashion and distributed among the females. The mistress of the house brings in the first dish herself; then, if a stranger be present, veils and withdraws. Everything is put on the table, or rather on the floor, at once, and it is customary to take a little of each dish served. When roast meats are eaten, a sharp piece of wood is employed as an aid to the fingers, but ordinary fingers alone are de rigueur. The highland Jews prepare an excellent "mountain dew," and drink large quantities of it without seeming to experience any intoxicating effects.

The American Deputation.

Joseph Leroux, of Versailles, France, writes Mr. Cremer after his return to England: "You will not have passed useless in this life. The work you have been doing will reckon in the march of humanity. I salute you and send you my hearty felicitations. When I look here in France, or in England, or elsewhere, in the other countries, I do not see a man that has been as faithful and as daring for the idea that illuminates him as you. You have been always the lighthouse, which you and I and so many see forward: peace before your eyes. You have stepped forward and taken our sacred idea ahead. Be thanked and thanked again. I have read with tears in the eyes your journey to America. Lots of good work done, ideas fixed that were only floating, practical perception of our ideas. The mist disappearing and the sun full of brilliance appearing to a whole lot of men, they seeing peace practicable. A lot of warmth, of goodness, of fraternity developed by your move. Oh! how many millions of men are suffering actually from the abominations of wars, how many are under its threats and will lose their lives in that absurd, abominable, criminal slaughter. Blessed be those that like you are putting their soul, their intelligence, their time, to have this darkness, this horror, away from our earth, from our humanity."

—Russell Railey, of Kentucky, sold in Philadelphia the brown saddle gelding Headlight to a Mr. Phillips, who buys for the London (Eng.) market, which requires horses with plenty of action. Price, $600.

—Racing does not appear to thrive in Oregon. The track buildings at Pendleton are being torn down, and the entire premises will be laid out in town lots. Trainers are compelled to go to Walla Walla, where there is more enterprise and more interest felt in horses.

FASHION NOTES.

—The bodice is long-waisted, in spite of the influence of "La Tosca."

—We do not believe there will be any return to the Empire style, which places the waistband just under the arms and takes all grace and elegance from the female figure.

—Two, or at most three, steel circles are placed in the upper part of the underskirt, and none at all in the lower part. The redingote style prevails, with loose fronts and little or no drapery.

—Fine lady's cloth is still the favorite material of the season for walking costumes. It fits well and makes up most *distingue* costumes. Mouse-gray and gray and white are fashionable combinations.

—The new balayeuses are exceedingly pretty. They are made of black or colored glace silk, according to the color of the dress or its degree of elegance. Instead of being pinked out, they are now edged with a moire ribbon of the color of the silk. There is no hem. It is sufficient to fold back the material on the right side and to apply the ribbon over it.

—There is also a new style of pocket handkerchief. It is of white cambric, with a narrow strip of insertion above the hem, and lace frilling round the edge. Both the insertion and frilling are black. They are of Chantilly, or imitation. Some have the lace frilling only, and no insertion. The name or initials are worked in black silk in imitation of writing.

—Turned-down collarettes and frillings are taking the place of the turned-up collar. One of the prettiest models of this kind consists of a double frilling of white crepe scalloped out round the edge, with white, blue, red or black silk. This frilling is sewed on inside and turned back on the outside. The same trimming is put on round the edge of the sleeves. This trimming is a mere trifle, but it is a pretty finish to a simple toilet.

—Fancy woolens in small checks of mixed colors are in high favor. The underskirt is of silk, the slightly draped overskirt of the checked material; the bodice comes down just a little beyond the waist, and is buttoned straight down in front. The out-of-door jacket is of the same material, tight-fitting at the back with loose fronts. It has a collar and revers of velvet, and is fastened at the neck only; but on each side there is a row of very large ornamental buttons. This jacket is lined with fancy striped silk.

—Basques are lavishly trimmed, and are exhibited in countless varities. Velvet basques to be worn with light skirts have a Pompadour neck filled in with crepe, which also forms the puffed sleeve below the velvet one vandyked at the elbow. A neat design for a dressy costume shows a basque open in a slight V in the neck above a silk tucker. The basque then fastens over a silk vest that is long on the hips and extends around to the sides of the postillion. The silk composing the vest and tucker is usually white or ecru.

—Bodices which have the sides prolonged into panels that fall straight from the belt to the hem of the skirt will be a feature of costumes again next season. The style is far too becoming to women of stout figure to be relinquished. These long, straight panels are, in fact, very graceful upon most women; and upon handsome white dresses of sheer wool or of organdie, Indian muslin, batiste and the like will be shaped and decorated in various novel ways. These panels are noted upon tea gowns of China silk; foulared and faille very recently imported.

—A walking-dress for the morning is of rust-colored cloth. A more elegant one is of beaver-brown cashmere, opening over a skirt of the same color, composed of strips of faille, alternating with strips of embroidered ribbon. Jacket to match, with collar and revers of velvet. And for the evening a dress of rose-colored bengaline and tulle; the bodice opens into a point in front, and is of bengaline and deeply peaked. There is a plaited plastron of pink tulle in front, which is finished at the waist under a bow of ribbon. The pointed opening of the bodice is trimmed with a deep frilling of the rose-colored tulle turned down and slightly gathered. The sleeves are finished at the elbow with a similar frilling and bow of ribbon.

—New embroideries are shown in forty and forty-two inches width. They will be in very general demand for white dresses, and draperies will be made of them to wear over skirts of white India linen, with a narrow flounce around the bottom. Trimmings are to be in general favor, and when one looks through the assortments of elegant novelties in the importers' cases there is no reason for wonder why it is so, for such an array of beautiful things no novice would ever dream of. Metal threads and metal cords and tinsel will be more popular than ever before in the history of trimmings. They are of much better quality, and are of such exquisite designs and so perfectly finished that they are attractive even to look at, to say nothing of the pleasure of wearing them. There are passementeries, with bullion and cord, the spaces filled up with flowers of fine velvet. The bullion is sewed over the flowers, and forms veins and markings, and adds immeasurably to the richness and effect of the garniture. There are metal embroideries on felt, or heavy flannel, or cashmere. They have an under surface of gilt jersey net, the embroidery being wrought through the net and the flannel or felt. This gives a brilliant and showy surface, even where there is no embroidery. The beauty of the finished trimming can scarcely be imagined. There are entire waist garnitures made of gold and silver cords. The two are placed side by side, and of these the design is wrought. The trimming, covers the front of the waist to the point of the vest. There are pieces that pass around the front and at the back, and meet under the arms, and there is a long V for the middle of the back. This is one of the choicest of the new importations.

HORSE NOTES.

—John Sheppard, of Boston, is slowly regaining health.

—The opening at Point Breeze will not take place until June.

—Macey Brothers, Versailles, Ky., have sold the gray gelding King Clifton, record 2.30.

—Elkwood has come with a rush from 45 down to 10 to 1 in the Brooklyn Handicap betting.

—The brood mare Carrie P. died at the Meadowthorpe Farm, near Lexington, recently.

—The veteran steeplechaser, Aurelian died at Louisville the third week in April.

—Bob Miles promises to become a noted performer over the sticks.

—Hanover's reported breakdown caused a ripple of excitement in racing circles.

—The running colt Sid has won every race he started for at Bay District track, San Francisco.

—The ex-champion, Freeland, now 10 years old, is worked regularly at cross-country jumping.

—Volante, Miss Ford and Wonder land came out of the Ash Forks Railroad accident all right.

—The Board of Appeals of the American Trotting Association will meet at Chicago, Ill., on May 1.

—Frank Rector has twelve of William Disston's trotters at Belmont Course. Fiction (2.29¼) is one of the number.

—Mayflower, dam of Wildflower, 2.21, and Manzanita, 2.16, foaled a bay filly by Electricity at Palo Alto on April 2.

—R. C. Pate, at one time a prominent turfman, is the starter at Memphis.

—Work on the Cape May track, suspended by cold weather, has been resumed.

—Green B. Morris says that Sir Dixon may start in the Kentucky Derby.

—The bay horse Wilkclay, foaled 1884, by Red Wilkes, dam Fanny Clay, owned by C. H. Nelson, Waterville, Me., died of lung fever the third week in April.

—W. C. France mourns the loss of Prince Red, full brother to Prince Wilkes 2.16.

—J. A. Goldsmith has sold the bay mare Sister, 2.19¼, by Admiral, dam Flora, to W. Corbitt, who will breed her to Guy Wilkes.

—J. H. Goldsmith has Silver Thread, 2.18½; Libbie S., 2.19½; Atlantic, 2.21; Gene Smith, 2.22¼; William, 2.32¼, and several others.

—C. A. Bradenburgh, of the Dime Museum, lost recently a fine foal out of the noted pacing mare Bessie M., 2.16¼, by Epaulette, 2.19¼.

—The next meeting of the New York State Trotting Horse Breeders' Association will be held at Buffalo, under the auspices of the International Fair, on September 11, 12, 13 and 14.

—Inspector B. Pontiac and sixteen 2 and 3 year olds belonging to the Dwyer Bros., have arrived at New York from Kentucky. Pontiac is all right, and Inspetor B. may, with careful, work, again see the post.

—The Hinsdale Horse, 2.44¼, died April 10 at Ox Bow, N. Y. He was twenty seven years old, and sire of Deck Wright, 2.19¾; Mattie K., 2.24½; Wilbur F., 2.24½; N. J. Fuller, 2.26¼, and many others near 2.30.

—President Johnston, of the National Trotting Association, has appointed, Messrs. Strickland, Archer, Delano, Mitchell and Smith as members of the Board of Review at the Chicago meeting. Mr. Smith cannot attend, and it is expected that Mr. Carr will fill his place.

—The yearling colt out of Messenger Girl, sired by Red Wilkes, has been named Fitler. The grand dam of Fitler is the dam of Prince Wilkes, and the sire of Prince Wilkes is the sire of Fitler, thus making the little fellow the step-nephew of the great Prince, he being out of the Prince's half sister.

—The following horses have been officially declared out of the Kentucky handicap: Rightaway, Blue Wing, Los Angeles, Wonderland, Winona, Jim Gray, Elgin, Santalene, Hinda, Tom Martin, Bonita, Kirklin, Contraband and G. W. Cook. With these out there are still fifty-four left eligible to start.

—G. M. Irwin has the following horses at Belmont Course: B. g. Merchantville, 2.34½; ch. m. Lady Linda, 2.29½; r. g. Nonpareil; br. s. Elf King (pacer); b. s. Vallet; blk. g. Charley Allen; b. m. Helen R., 2.34½; b. g. Starlight (pacer) 2.38½, ch. g. Playboy; br. g. Soltaire, 2.38¼; g. g. Dan, 2.42½, and a bay pacer.

—At the Fleetwood Course, New York Jerome Whepley has Majolica, 2.15; Pottery Girl, 2.34, and A. W. Richmond. H. L. Hurd has ch. m. Jessie 2.22, and Beaconsfield, 2.27. Weeks has Sir Walter, Jr., 2.18¼, and Queen Wilkes, 2.23¼. W. Burridge is training six green ones that are doing well. Charles Davidson has Cuba, Little Dan and several others.

—Death has been busy among the trotters since the beginning of the year, and already the names of fifteen 2.30 performers, ten sires of speed, and five producing dams have been reported. At least one-half of these died at a good old age. The following are the 2.30 performers that have been reported dead:

Clemmie G.	2.15¾	Jersey Prince	2.27¾
Scott's Thomas	2.21	Lady Kildaire	2.28
Unalala	2.26¾	Daisy Hamilton	2.28¾
Elsie Good	2.29¾	Enfield	2.29
Rexford	2.24	Money Maker	2.29
Clifton Bell	2.25¾	Telegraph Girl	2.29¾
Hall's Mohawk Jr.	2.26	Joe	2.30
Russian Spy	2.26¾		

—The annual report issued to Parliament on the subject of horse breeding in India shows that at the close of last year the number of stallions employed was as follows: In the Bengal Presidency, thoroughbred English 69; half-bred English and Norfolk trotters, 136; Australian, 2; Arab, 71; Persian, 1; Studbred, 29; Pegu, 0; total, 308. In the Bomtay Presidency there were 71 stallions.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

CENTRE HALL, PA. THURS, MAY 3, 1888.

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

LOCAL ITEMS.

RHYMES FOR THE SEASON.

"Blessings on thee little man,
Barefoot boy, with face of tan.
With thy merry whistled tunes,
And thy turned up pantaloons."

To these lines of Whittier the REPORTER would add:

With your slender fishing rod,
Persecuting chub and frog.
On treacherous log for bait you fumble.
And with a splash into the brooklet tumble.
Soaking wet and like a spindle,
Home to Ma you sneak and catch a spanking with a shingle.

"Little man,
Face of tan,
Whistled tunes,"
Wet pantaloons,
Cruel shingle.

——The light shower, Monday night, was welcome.

——Trees are beginning to *leave*, and will keep shady about it.

——Wheat prospects are fair and prices are not likely to advance.

——Young trout one inch in length, grow to four inches in a year.

——Mr. Whiteman has the framework up for his new house at the south end of town.

——Juniata county has only three licensed houses—just one to every six in our county.

——Jas. Hanna, one of Gregg township's old time Democrats, gave the REPORTER a call.

——Altoona took her census last week and the count shows a population for the city of 29,549.

——Oscar Emerick has about forty pupils attending the spring session of school in this place.

— Jonathan Harter and S. D. Musser, of Millheim, talk of taking a trip west reaching into Kansas.

——Mr. Ryder is giving his house down town, a coat of paint, which will make it look handsome.

——Any snake story told at this season of the year—is a l— fish story, and all fish stories are l—s.

——Saturday was quite a good day for the shirtsleeve brigade—the sun's rays caused a good many coats to be thrown aside.

——Prof. Krise is improving the appearance of his house in this place, occupied by D. A. Boozer, by a coat of paint.

— Aaronsburgers are in an occasional ferment on the borough question, some are for and some against, and they have it hot by times.

——Emma Ruth a little daughter of Rev. W. C. and M. A. M'Cool, died at her home, in Wayne, Neb., on 24 of last month aged 11 months.

——Mr. Dauberman has planted trees in front of his new residence and is ridding up generally and will make his new home look neat as a pin.

——Straw hats, linen dusters, organ grinders, new onions, gypsies, ice-cream, lemonade, soda water, and the barefooted boy, all, are in season now.

——S. D. Musser has sold his interest in the Millheim hardware store to his partner, James Smith, who will continue in the business at the old stand.

——The fires on the Nittany side of the mountain, spread to this side on Monday and ran down close to the farm improvements along the foot of the mountain.

— It seemed rather unreasonable to read in the morning papers of snow falling in Minnesota Sunday while here the thermometer was elevating its silvery lining up into the 90s.

——Samuel Ripka had a suit in court with his father's estate on a claim for wages for services rendered since he was over age. He claims $15 per month for eight months of the year.

——Mr. and Mrs Montilius, of Piper City, Ill., are making a brief visit at Wm. Wolf's. Mr. Montilius, many years ago, clerked in Wolf's store, and will be remembered by many of our readers. He has made his pile in the west.

——Harry Hicks has disposed of his hardware store, at Bellefonte, to H. A. M'Kee. Mr. Hicks is a live business man and a very pleasant gentleman, and we hope he will put his business qualifications to good use again right soon.

——Thursday, Friday and Saturday, bro't in spring with a bounce. The sun was quite warm, and men went about in their shirt sleeves. All were glad to have warm weather, the air having been raw and frosty, altho the sky was clear.

——We met Gen. Cameron the other day. His great age is beginning to tell on him. He is frail and the hand of time seems to be on him. His gait does not show the spryness of a year ago, and his face has lost its cast of vigor and is thin.

——Make it your aim to do all your ordinary business transactions on the cash principle. It will save lawyers fees, doctor bills, costs, constable's and sheriff's visits, quarrels and often black eyes. You will sleep sweeter and get rich faster.

— Mrs. Hannah Kleckner, widow of George Kleckner, died at the residence of her daughter. Mrs. John Mench, in Lewis township, Union county, Monday, April 23, and was buried Thursday, April 26th, in Rhul's cemetery aged 75 years, 9 months and 16 days.

——Daniel Rishel, of Miles, is seriously ill. He had been suffering from inflamation in the face, and while plowing in the field, he sat down to rest upon the damp ground, which aggravated his trouble and he is now suffering from inflamation of the bowels and is dangerously ill.

——Claude Harpster, son of Jacob Harpster, of this place, received a severe and painful scalp wound on Monday evening, by being accidentally struck on the back of the head, while playing with some boys, with a piece of iron, which cut quite deeply, and required the physician's attention to the injury.

CENTENNIALS!

MILLHEIM'S CENTENNIAL IN 1898.

THE TOWN LAID OUT IN 1798.

When we urged the celebration of Aaronsburg's Centennial, in 1886, we alluded to the fact in the Reporter, that Millheim s Centennial would occur in 1898. Some are of the opinion that Millheim's Centennial occurs this year, and we have been requested to cite some authority to settle the matter.

When we noticed a few weeks ago, that it was claimed by some for 1888, we gave the matter no thought for correction, and now, in answer to a request, we quote our authority. Maynard's History of Centre county, contains the following, which was our authority in 1886 for saying Millheim would be 100 years old in 1898:

MILLHEIM.

The land on which Millheim is situated was surveyed in pursuance of a warrant dated Nov. 24, 1772, granted to John Cash In allusion to the name of the warrantee the tract was called "Ready Money," and was conveyed by Cash to David Shakspear, and by him transferred to Michael Gunkle, December 30, 1794. In 1797 Philip Gunkle came into possession of it, and in the following year (1798) laid out the town. The village is located on Elk creek, a tributary of Penn's creek.

The town was so named because of the existence on its site, at the time it was laid out, of two mills—"*heim*" being the German for "home;" the name, therefore, signifies "*mill home*," or *home of the mills*.

Since the starting of the place its growth has been moderate, the citizes preferring to move slowly and surely rather than run the risk of over-reaching. During the first twenty years of its existence its population increased to something over one hundred, as far as can be ascertained. In 1812 Jacob and John Harter, natives or Lebanon county, located in Millheim, the former to engage in blacksmithing and the latter in wagon making. The place at that time contained about a dozen houses. The two mills alluded to were built of logs, and stood upon or near the sites of the two flouring mills now owned by D. A. Musser, Esq; There was also a hotel, said to have been the first frame building erected in the place. It was kept, at the time mentioned, by a man named Brosius. The building is still standing, owned by Samuel Behm and occupied by Henry Weiser. Benjamin and Henry Lees had a store in the building now owned and occupied as such by Elisha Campbell. A blacksmith shop stood on the ground now occupied as the shop of William Weiser, and a wagon shop stood where the plastered house owned by D. A. Foot now stands. The dwellings at that time were: one on the site of Jacob Gepharts residence; the small, red building now owned by the heirs of the late Daniel Reighard; the one now occupied by the post-office, and the house now owned by John Keene. A school house for German school stood where Snook's store now stands, and one for English where the United Brethren church is situated. There being no church building their religious services were held in the school house.

During the war of 1812 a rifle company organized at Millheim and went into the United States service. It was stationed at Black Rock; but because of not being properly supplied with food and clothing, they took "French leave" and returned home after an absence of a month or so. The captain of the rifles was Joseph Kleckner; the first lieutenant, John Jones; the ensign, Jacob Lutz. John Straw, Daniel Smith, Thomas Wiley, Charles Shreffler and Joseph Reighard were privates. At about the same time the rifle company left the place, Robert Aikens, John Snavely and Thomas Cronemiller enlisted in the navy and served under Commodore Perry, on Lake Erie, being with that gallant officer when he captured the British fleet, and received medals for meritorious conduct. It is related of a brother of Cronemiller, who was also with Perry, having gone from another part of the county, that as the Americans boarded the enemys ships, the English cried for "quarter," whereupon Cronemiller naively said: "We have not time to quarter you, but we will halve (have) you."

POTTER'S MILLS CENTENNIAL.

The first house at Potter's Mills was erected in 1788, by Gen. James Potter. Linn's history says the carpenter work was done by James Brisben, and his bill for it was fifty three pounds. This was a large log house, afterwards used as a tavern. The grist-mill and saw mill were erected by him in 1788-89—Jacob Houser, millwright, John Barber, carpenter.

W. J. Thompson, and others, are now making an effort to celebrate the Centennial of Potter's Mills this summer. That's right—the village has a revolutionary history, and a celebration could be made quite interesting, with some Indian incidents thrown in.

CENTENNIALS TO COME.

Philipsburg's Centennial comes in 1897. The first house was built by John Henay Simlar Henry and James Philips laid out the town.

Centre county will celebrate its centennial in 1900.

Bellefonte will have her centennial come in 1895, when the town was commenced by James Harris and James Dunlap, who owned the site.

Millheim was laid out in 1798 and will be 100 years old in 1898.

SPRING & SUMMER SEASON 1888.

Full line of Cassimere—Scotch and Worsted Suitings—CHEAPER THAN READY MADE.

MONTGOMERY & CO, TAILORS,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

DEATH OF MRS. JENNIE RIDER.

Within the last few days the Angel of Death has visited a home in the county, and has taken from it a young wife and mother.

It was unexpected, too. On Saturday night Mrs. Rider could not rest well, and her husband was up caring for her until midnight, when at her urgent request, he lay down to sleep. Waking up about daylight, he found his wife dead by his side. She had been subject for some time to severe attacks of heart disease, and her physicians say her sudden death was due to this trouble

Before her marriage she was widely known in and about Pine Grove as the amiable daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Eckel.

Though she has resided since her marriage part of the time in Tyrone, her body was brought to Pine Grove and the funeral took place from her father's residence on Tuesday, the 23d. It was largely attended. Three ministers assisted the Presbyterian pastor, Rev. Elliott, in conducting the services, and a large number of friends and neighbors gathered to pay their last tribute of respect to a departed friend.

Mrs. Rider was a devout Christian; a gentle, patient and loving wife and mother. In addition to a grief-stricken husband, the deceased leaves a bright motherless boy scarcely two years old to mourn her loss and the tender and loving care which only a mother can give. But twenty six years old, she had been for many years an active and consistent member of the Pine Grove Presbyterian church. She will therefore be missed, even outside of her own family circle, and her pleasant and cheerful disposition will long remain an inspiration to all who knew her noble and patient life.

DEATH OF MRS. HENRY GAST.

Mary A., wife of the veteran retired merchant, Henry Gast, esq., after an illness of nearly two months, died on Thursday last, April 26, 1888, aged 77 years, 2 months and 11 days.

Mrs. Gast was the daughter of Daniel Spyker, late of Aaronsburg, dec'd, where she was born Feb. 17, 1811. Mr George Spyker of this place is a brother of the deceased.

On the 28th of Feb., 1832, she and Mr. Henry Gast were united in marriage by the Rev. Mr. Aubly, and shortly thereafter they located in Mifflinburg, where they have since resided in happy union, until death has broken the tie, a period of about 56 years.

The fruits of their marriage were four daughters and four sons. Of these three survive to mourn the departure of their loving mother, namely- Mr. J. D. S. Gast, Dr. J. R. Gast—both of this place—and Mrs. J. A. Montelius of Piper City, Ill.

A touching incident of the burial was the fact that the pall bearers comprised her two sons J. D. S and Dr. Gast, son-in-law J. A. Montelius and grandson Harry Gast.

Of those from a distance in attendance at the services and burial we recall the following: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Montelius of Piper City, Ill., Mrs. Polly Wolf, aged 86 years, of near Rebersburg, Pa. a sister of Mr. Henry Gast, husband of deceased; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Wolf, and Mr. C. Dinges of Centre Hall.—*Mifflinburg Telegraph.*

A FINE STOCK.

Wolf & Son, of this place have been as busy as bees the last couple days unpacking their new goods. Their stock is complete in every particular and contains many new designs and patterns that will be worn this summer and are exceedingly pretty. In calicoes every shade, pattern and design are represented; sateens domestic and imported; henrietta cloth in all colors, seersuckers in entirely new styles for the summer season and in fact all kinds of dress goods, in new and attractive styles which will be worn this year. Tennis stripes is something new and when made up is considered very pretty. It would be impossible even to mention all the new dress goods as their stock is large and contains every thing in that line. A special effort was made to secure the latest styles which are now open for inspection. A special invitation is extended to the ladies to come and see the new goods at Wolf & Son's store Centre Hall.

— Harness oil at Boozer's harness rooms.

——Ice cream at Murray's every Saturday evening.

——Sunday the thermometer was 92 in some localities.

——Corn in the ear chopped at the Centre Hall roller mill.

——Don't fail to visit Pearlstine's new store when in Bellefonte.

——Many fruit trees came out in blossom beginning of the week.

—The rain, of Monday night, has been followed by quite cool weather.

——Ice cream at James Lohr's ice cream parlors on Church street, Saturday evening.

——Wm. H. Stover, of Aaronsburg, was quite ill last week, of neuralgia in the stomach.

——Have you seen Wolf's new goods? A fine line and cheaper than ever, is what they say.

——Quite a great deal of baled hay has been shipped from this station for several weeks past.

——When you come to town don't fail to stop in at Wolf & Son's and see the new goods.

——The Buffalo Run railroad is being extended two miles further to reach into new and rich ore fields.

——Potatoes are selling for 70 and 75 on track. It,s the best that can be expected, and a good figure too.

——Building lots for sale, ¼ mile east of the station, at Mikecondoville, $45 to $75 per lot. Apply to F. Kurtz.

——The shirt-sleeve brigade, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, had their first parade, and sought in the shade.

——Dr. S. L. VanValzah has moved from Watsontown to Hughesville. He lived at Boalsburg some years ago.

——A thunder gust passed over portions of the state Monday night, which, no doubt, put out the mountain fires.

——Spring and summer stock of ready made clothing is being unpacked at the Rochester clothing House, Bellefonte.

——The citizens of Freeburg are making extensive preparations for the unveiling of the Major Dill monument, May 1st.

——Gen. James S. Brisbin, U. S. A., stationed in Montana, is in the county on a visit to his old stamping ground

——Lyon & Co. have unpacked an immense line of Spring and summer goods and quote prices on same in another column.

CONTINENTAL MONEY.

Seeing a notice in an exchange that some one held one of the old continental shinplasters, we can add that we have in our possession quite a little pile of the stuff, and all genuine. We have continental money of the following denominations:

2 notes, each $55,	$110
1 note,	40
2 notes, each $35,	70
1 note,	20
1 note,	8
2 notes, each $5,	10
1 note,	3
3 notes, each $2,	6
1 note, of 33⅓ cts.	
1 note, of 50 cts.	
Total	$267 83⅓

These relics of the times that tried men's souls, are well preserved, altho a little browned from age, and are printed on coarse, stiff paper, about 2½x3 inches. Principle and interest for one hundred years on the above money, would now make our pile amount to the handsome sum of $1874.81, which Uncle Samuel might as well hand over to us and reduce the big surplus.

BADLY BURNED.

On Saturday last Mrs. McCully, an aged lady, living in this place, made a narrow escape from death by burning. She was watching a fire of rubbish, in her garden, when a spark caused her dress to ignite on her back, and before she was aware of it a considerable part of her dress was in flames. In her fright she ran into the woodshed, when Mr. Samuel Shutt, who was digging garden for Mrs. McCully, saw the trouble, and following her, brought her out of the woodshed and threw her on the ground and extinguished the fire. The greater part of her clothing was burned, and her hands and back sustained very severe burns. No doubt Mr. Shutt's efforts saved her from a terrible death.

MOUNTAIN FIRES.

On Monday morning we observed that our mountains were on fire in all quarters, and a red glare is thrown against the sky at night, whilst the atmosphere is hazy with smoke and the sun almost obscured by day.

In Haines township the mountain fires are widespread. The Seven mountains are in flames over a wide extent. Nittany mountain, on the north side, from Lemont to beyond Pleasant Gap is on fire, and it will undoubtedly spread to this side unless rain sets in.

LOCAL SQUIBS.

—The grain fields in Bald Eagle valley look fair. The prospects for grain and grass in all sections of the county are fair.

——Stop in at Flemings, fashionable tailoring establishment, Bellefonte, and see the new styles in gents clothing for spring and summer.

——On Wednesday afternoon Yony Deininger killed a blacksnake in front of his new house, near the station, which measured 4 feet 5 inches.

——The band was out on Saturday evening and tendered some folks a serenade. It is improving very rapidly and renders some fine music.

——Stover & Mott, the marble men, at Bellefonte, received recently a car load of marble and are offering tombstones and monuments at reduced rates.

——Fleming the tailor, Bellefonte, has opened up his new stock for suitings, for spring and summer wear. New styles will be worn this year and he has them in stock.

——The Middleburg *Post* man is taking commendable interest in having the Snyder county streams stocked with young trout. That's right Harter, and is what Centre county creeks need.

——Aaronsburg, in ye olden time, was nicknamed Jewstown, and its neighbor, Millheim, went by name of Madtown. To the older readers of the REPORTER, these cognomens will yet be familiar.

——The Shaffer gallows is still at Lock Haven waiting for the new trial of Johnson. The concern belongs to Williamsport and will hardly be needed in Johnson's case, as he is likely to be cleared.

——Persons who wish to secure a home on a new, novel and easy plan, read the card of A. C. Moore, in another column. Mr. Moore is well known all over the county and he bears a good reputation.

——Dr. George Arney, of Altoona, visited his native place last week. The Dr. looks quite well, and Altoona seems to agree with him, where he enjoys quite a lucrative practice. He left on Tuesday for his home.

——M. Fauble, proprietor of the celebrated Rochester Clothing House, in Reynolds new building Bellefonte, was in the city this week and brings back the finest line of ready made clothing and gents furnishing goods ever seen in this county.

——Miss Eliza Bliss of Rehoboth, Conn., invited an applicant for charity into her house the other day. While she was preparing food, the tramp sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and at the same time stole the lady's pocketbook and $25 from the bureau drawer.

——The *News* says a Bellefonte merchant received what he thought was golden butter! He cut a roll of it and inside was a mass of tallow. The butter (?) is said to have been made by a woman living near Tusseyville and is a libel on Centre county butter.

——The next time you visit Bellefonte stop in at John Meese's store on Allegheny street and see the new goods. Mr. Meese was in the eastern markets last week and returned with an exceptionally fine stock, embracing dress goods, dry goods, fancy goods, notions, novelties etc.

——Dr. P. T. Musser, of Aaronsburg, and James Smith, of Millheim, had a suit in court this week, relative to some disagreement about water routes on their respective farms, west of Millheim. Water pipes had been interfered with by stopping up pipes with rags, pulling out stocks, and tearing out pipe.

——Centre Hall has a far healthier atmosphere than Bellefonte, which is proven by the fact that Sidney Bairfoot is building right up here. Glad if our pure water and healthy atmosphere beat Los Angeles or any other, health resort ten to one. People hardly ever get sick at Centre Hall.

——If you want a good article in the way of fine dress boots and shoes at the lowest prices, call at Graham's shoe store Bellefonte. They have an elegant line of all kinds, prices to suit every body. The best gents $3 00 fine shoe in Bellefonte, you will find at Graham's shoe store A better and finer quality if desired Remember the place, corner store Brockerhoff Row.

— The grand jury in their report say: We further report that we find the water closets and vaults at the rear of the Court House, to be in as good condition as they can under the circumstances be kept; they appear to be clean, but notwithstanding they are a nuisance and should be removed, substituting in their place closets more convenient to the court and county officials. We find that the vault in the register's and recorder's office is becoming too small for books that are accumulating, and some change in their shelving would afford a measure of temporary relief. We find the same with the vault in the commissioners' office.

We would further recommend that an extension be made to the rear of the Court House, to extend back at least thirty feet; that the grand jury room be enlarged and a new traverse jury room, witness room and sheriff's office be added to the rooms now in the building; also that water closets be placed in each jury room.

——The sawmills are keeping up their warfare against the forests, with appetite voracious as ever, and the stately pine and grand old oak are disappearing like the red man who once had his abode and found his game under the branches of the pine and oak. In five years from this date, and at the present rate of lumbering operations, our valley will be stripped of every valuable piece of timber in it.

SPRING GOODS.

We would respectfully announce to our many patrons in Centre co. that we have received an immense line of spring and summer goods. We were in the market in time to select a fine stock and have opened up the same for your inspection. We have an unusually large and complete line of suitings for our merchant tailoring department Altogether new styles in cloth will be worn for spring and summer and can be seen at our store. Remember that if you want a fine spring suit. You can get it much cheaper now than when there is a rush. Our line of ready made clothing complete and lower in price than ever. Come and see the new styles just received at

PHILAD. BRANCH.

THE CHANGE.

Twenty-five years ago it took a Philadelphia paper three days to reach this county. Now the New York and Philadelphia dailies reach us in the afternoon of the day of publication, and Harrisburg morning papers get here the same morning.

Twenty years ago scarce any daily had subscribers in this county, now they are received at every post office and all our towns have newsboys selling the metropolitan dailies just as they do in the cities. Railroads, telegraphs and telephones have entirely annihilated distance in the last quarter of a century.

NEW GOODS.

The most careful and well selected stock of all kinds of goods are pouring in at Harper & Kreamer's store, Centre Hall For bargains there is the place to go, for we all like to get the worth of our money, and what they say we can always rely upon.

——A new township is to be formed out of parts of Lewis and West Buffalo townships, Union county, which will most likely be named North Lewis.

——The Presbyterian church is now up and being put under roof. With its prominent position on the rise and its high peaked roof, it will make a fine appearance, and be an ornament to the southern end of town. The pastor, Rev. Kerr is giving the erection of this edifice personal supervision and well may he be proud of it.

——With the new Presbyterian church, our village can boast of five handsome churches, which perhaps no town of its size can rival. These edifices are all good as new, and were all erected within a comparatively few years The Lutherans having their third church, two previous ones being destroyed, would actually make seven churches erected in this town.

——Will our turnpikes be vacated? Will the Reformds of Millheim build a church? Will Spring Mills have a bank? Will you take the REPORTER for the campaign at 10 cts. per month? Will you vote for Cleveland and your own interests next fall? Will you plant trees for the benefit of future generations? Will you send us local items of interest from your neighborhood?

——The mountains in different directions were on fire, end of last week, and the sky was getting hazy with smoke. There is a heavy penalty against firing mountains The first fires were observed in the Seven mountain region. The lumber and prop timber operations are making timber disappear fast enough, and these regular spring, summer and fall fires are a wicked and useless waste of valuable timber.

——It is not such an easy thing for a stranger to get married in Louisiana. In the first place, a license costs $2.50, and before the ceremony can be performed the prospective bridegroom has to give a bond and security to the sum of $2,500 for the proper maintenance of his bride through married life. Imagine the dilemma of a man who arrives in the night knows nobody except his girl, and wants to get married at early candlelight and take the next train. He has got to go out among strangers, who very probably have all been apprised beforehand of the nature of his mission and are more or less jealous of him, and make a $2,500 bond before the ceremony can proceed. This is pretty hard, but everybody will agree that it is better than our Camden system as it is now being carried on.

WHY DO YOU PAY RENT?

When the money given the landlord will purchase a better house than the one in which you live. Should you die before the payments are complete, your heirs receive a deed at once. Why not secure a home or business property on this plan enjoy all your earnings, and be confident that your family will not be turned into the street should you die. For further particulars apply or address

THE HOME COMPANY OF N. Y.,
33 and 35 Liberty St. New York,
or A. C. MOORE, General Agent, office over post office, Bellefonte. m34t

Now is the time to buy a cheap pistol or revolver as we are selling off our stock to make room for new goods. A 22 calibre revolver for $1 25 and up, 32 calibre as low as $2 25.

BUSHMAN & KREAMER.

"Dr. Seller's Cough Syrup." Without exception has given satisfaction. Our readers give it a trial Druggists keep it. Price 25c, a bottle. ap.

The difficult operation of transplanting a portion of the eye of a rabbit to that of a human being was performed at the Philadelphia Germantown Hospital. The object of the operation was to relieve the obscurity of a patient, which was caused by inflammation, and which produced in time an opaque surface. The patient was a servant girl, whose eyes had become almost totally useless, so far as vision was concerned, by reason of the whitish coating which made both of the orbits opaque and she was so nearly blind that objects of considerable size were barely distinguishable at the small distance of five feet.

The Pittsburg Post says the tactics of the Republican chieftains at the battle royal at the State convention were eminently characteristic. Cameron boldly championed Cooper, while Quay was non-committal until he had his set-up well arranged, and then indicated his purposes by knifing Cameron, taking Cooper away from him, and pushing Magee to one side with no more consideration than if he was a spoilt boy. Quay's keen blade was between their ribs before they knew it was out of the scabbard. There is a prospect of music ahead.

Ex-Governor Curtin will smile his broadest that his protege of 25 years ago is getting in some solid work in the Cameron ring, has pulled some of its links apart and is in a fair way to shatter the whole business, as an influential not to say dominant force in State politics.

It was Gov. Curtin who laid Quay's political foundation and gave the Beaver boy his start by taking him under his wings while he was governor of the commonwealth.

MARRIED.

On the 24th of April, at Spring Mills, by Rev. J. Shambach, Harry A Decker, of Potters Mills, and Jennie P. Haugh, of Penn Hall, Pa.

DIED.

Maggie, daughter of John and Margaret Albright, died of diptheria, near Spring Mills, April 27th, aged 2 years, 11 months and 12 days. The remains were interred in the Green Grove cemetery last Sunday.

If you have pimples, boils, salt rheum, rough skin, etc., take "Dr. Lindsey,s Blood Searcher." Sold by all druggists. ap.

NEW MILLINER SHOP.

The undersigned has opened a millinery shop in Jacob Lee's house near the depot at Centre Hall.

The patronage of the public is solicited. All are invited.

p. 19th SADIE E. GROVE.

We have just received a new lot of the celebrated Davis and New Home sewing machines, which we are offering at rock bottom prices. We extend an invitation to all to come and see these machines and be convinced that they are the best in the market.

BUSHMAN & KREAMER.

BLACKSMITH WANTED.

A man who can do blacksmithing, and other work about the premises, can find a steady job at fair wages by addressing

C. K. SOBER,
Sober, Centre Co., Pa.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots as well as all parts of the city are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducement to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS M. FEGER, Proprietor

GRAIN.

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, red	$ 85	Oats	50
Wheat, white	80	Rye	50
Corn, shelled	45	Barley, No. 1	50

Barley No. 2, mixed with oats, bought at oats weight and price.

Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weigh and price.

FLOUR AND FEED.

Fancy Pat. Flour	1 45	Bran per ton	18 00
Best Roller Flour	1 35	Bran, retail, cwt.	1 00
2d Best Roll'r Flour	1 25	Chop per ton	22 00
Middlings per ton	20 00	" retail per cwt	1 25

COAL MARKET,

Broken	$5.00
Egg	5.50
Stove	5.75
Small Stove	5.75
Chestnut	5.50
Pea	3.50
Woodland	4.00
Soft	2.75

☞A discount on all above prices will be made for SPOT Cash,

KURTZ & SON

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

CAUTION.

The undersigned have purchased, at constable's sale, all the personal property of Howard Smith, of near Farmers Mills, to wit: Cow, cookstove, coal stove, 2 sinks, 4 beds, flour chest, 9 chairs, 2 clocks, chest carpenter tools, and all his personal property and will leave the same in his possession. All persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with said property

19 ap 3t HARPER & KREAMER,
Centre Hall.

CAUTION.—THE FOLLOWING PROPERTY having been purchased of Jacob Catherman, by the undersigned, at constable's sale, and will be left in his possession at my pleasure, namely, 1 team of horses and harness, 1 cow. All persons are hereby cautioned against meddling with the same in any manner. DALE & CO.,
apr5 Centre Hall